

NRU only CIBBER
DAMON and PHILLIDA;

OR, THE

Rover Reclaim'd:

A

Pastoral Opera.

As Acted on the

Edinburgh Theatre.



EDINBURGH

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6 —

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Persons represented.

<i>Arcas</i> , a Nobleman of <i>Arcadia</i> .	Mr. Miller.
<i>Egon</i> his Friend, a jolly Country Gentleman.	Mr. Price.
<i>Corydon</i> , an old Shepherd.	Mr. Bulkely.
<i>Damon</i> the Rover.	Mr. Ware.
<i>Cymon</i> the Crying	{ Shepherd, } Mr. Peterson.
<i>Mopsus</i> the Laughing	
	{ Brothers. } Mr. Wescomb.
<i>Phillida</i> , <i>Corydon</i> 's Daughter,	Mrs. Miller.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SCENE *The Plains of Arcadia.*



30.3.76



DAMON and *PHILLIDA*;

OR, THE

Rover Reclaim'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arcas Solus.

ARCAS.



AIL to the rising Day!
Once yet again I see the Annual Morn:
That gave me Birth, and counts me in-
to Age.
All glorious Ruler of Revolving Light!
Thanks for thy Course of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, born me through,
The various Periods of appointed Life!
But Hark! — The Jocund
Ægon comes with Friendly Gratulation.
Ægon, that's blyth, and lusty as the Summer,
Nor bending to the Burthen of his Years.

A 2.

Enter

4 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

Enter Ægon.

Ægon Hail!

Health, and the Blessings of the Morn be thine.

Æg. Why, ay, my Lord! this Day is blest'd indeed!

It gave you Life, and me the best of Friends,

And to that Friend, I owe my jovial Heart.

Let those be sad —. Who

With Policy, or Guile, disguise their Face.

The Privilege of Honesty is Mirth.

AIR 1.

Let Wealth and Power enslave the Great,

Where Friendship's barter'd for a Name,

Here Truth alone, can Truth create,

And that supports it's lasting Fame.

No Falshood here our Peace destroys,

Where Innocence attends our Joys.

Ar. Oh Ægon! were I capable of Envy,

Thy turn of Mind wou'd tempt me to repine!

Why have I not this chearful Taste of Life?

Why seems my Plenty, less than thy small Store?

What are my Wants, where are my Wishes bounded

And yet ———

'Twere happier to be Ægon, than be *Arkas*.

Ægon. You make me triumph o'er your Learning,

You who have all Philosophy can wish,

Have made a Man much happier than your self,

By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Ar. Would'st thou have more?

Æg. More than enough, Sir? No,

To crave is Poverty, Contentment, Riches:

Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Ar. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose their Name.

Æg. And when possess'd by Prodigals, their Power.

Even so it is, not Wealth, nor Wisdom, Sir,

'Tis

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd.

5

'Tis Constitution gives us Happiness.
Nature has made you Pensive, me Sanguine:
You think your Virtues are a wise Man's Duty;
And therefore wear them with a serious Brow;
Now, Sir, the few that I can Boast, I think
Are Blessings too, therefore as such enjoy them.

AIR 2.

*He that wears a Heart
Void of Art,
Has Joys unknown
To the greatest Men;
Who, Nine in Ten,
Beneath their Greatness groan.*

*Riches are fine Things,
That have Wings,
And will away:
But an honest Mind,
Will ever find,
Content will with it stay.*

*He whose Soul is clear
From Fraud, Disguise, or Guilt,
May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
And at her Malice smile.*

*Greatness that wou'd make us grave,
Is but an empty Thing:
What more than Mirth wou'd Mortals have?
The merry Man's a King.*

See this Way, old Corrydon advances,
He comes, by my Appointment, to complain
Of some Abuse that's offer'd to his Daughter.

A 3

Enter

6. DAMON and PHILLIDA;

*Enter Corrydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon,
and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the Noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands, and Flocks. ———

Ar. Good Neighbours, welcome!

What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah! my good Lord! I have no Skill to Speech it,
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Wou'd gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage:
And that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one Half of what I have
Her Dow'r, at present; at my Death, the rest:
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still, the Half is Half!
Now here, so please you I have found her out:
A Pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!
Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding well,
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Ci. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.

[half crying.]

Cor. Nay, pr'ythe, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Ar. A little Patience, Friend. ———

Mop. Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!

That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong.

Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopsus*! now thou art worse than he;

Ar. On with thy Tale. ———

Cor. Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtships;
Might one or other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief:
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.
And why? Because, forsooth! she loves another!
But how! How is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!
This pranking gamefome Boy, this *Damon* here!

Wish

Or, *The Rover's Reclaim'd.* 7

With Songs, and Gambals, has I think bewitch'd her.
His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds.
And all the idle Day they Toy and Sing together.

Ci. Ay, so they do, and please you——

Cor. Nay, nay, *Cimon!*

Ci. Well! well! I've done: But I'm sure it's true
tho'——

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but *Da-*
mon.

And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!
The Lamb that's in the Hungry's Fox's Mouth,
Has little hope to scape being made his Breakfast:
For he declares he ne'er intends to Marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father. [Weeps.]
Now, good my Lord; 'tis true you're not our King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you,
But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Man were Branded here, that scorn'd your Plea-
sure.

And the great Good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther than a Law.
So if you think my Case is hard;
I leave the manner How, to your great Wisdom;
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sor-
row.

Ar. O *Aegon!* How affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity—The honest Wretch!
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corrydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will serve thee:
But hear me now, what others may reply.
Damon, thou'ast heard this good old Man's Com-
plaint;

Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Da. My Lord, I mean the Lass no Harm, nor I:
'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do.

Some

8. *DAMON and PHILLIDA;*

Some twenty others; and twenty others may
Have all the same Demand to Marry me!
But alas a Day! Tho' Kissing goes by Favour,
A Man can't Marry every Girl he Kisses!
Were that a Claim, then the, that first was Kiss'd,
Shou'd first be Married; so I hope, my Lord,
I shall not be bound to do one right, in wrong
To Hundreds, that should come, in Turn, before her,
Æg. Sirrah! thou makest thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Da. Not so hard, good Master, for Maids some-
times

Are slippery Bits, as well as we; and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Shou'd fly, will find but sorry Sport a Shooting.

Æg. Knave! thou'rt a Nuisance; all the Neighbours
note thee

For a Poacher: When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron Strings, around the Country.

Ar. Gently *Ægon*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thoughts.
Well *Damon*, what amends to *Corrydon*?

What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

Da. Why let the Damsel please her self, my Lord;
If she's dispos'd to Marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolick—Here's her Man.

There's no great Hardship, where the Will is Free:

As she must first Consent, before she Kisses,

I hope she'll first have mine, before I marry.

For though some Men have hang'd themselves for
Maids,

Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife

The worst of Halters; So whate'er betide me,

I hope, you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentencel

Ar. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride, a Punishment?

Da. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still:

And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

AIR

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd.

9

AIR 3.

*The Man for Life,
That takes a Wife,
Is like a thousand dismal Things:-
A Fox in Trap,
Or worse, may hap,
'An Owl, in Cage, that never Sings.*

*Dull from Morn to Night,
He hates her Sight,
Yet he, poor Soul! must endure it.
Bed of Thorns!
Head of Horns!
Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.*

(2.)

*'A Bull at Stake,
To Merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong!
Like Dog, and Cat,
Or Puss, and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.
But the Man that's Free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's Tasting.
Never cloy,
With his Joys,
Day, or Night,
New Delight
Is only lasting.*

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsely;
He owns himself more wicked, than I spoke him.

Ar. 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose

Will

10 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mould.

[To Cimon, and Mopsus.

There stands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,

That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,

Take this Occasion to avow your Love:

You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Ci. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I have no Heart to speak;
She Flowts, and Glowts, at me, from Morn to Night.
See! How she looks now! 'Cause she can't avoid me.

Ar. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her Maiden Shyness.

Ci. D'ye think so, Sir? Why then I will take Heart!
If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

A I R 4.

There's not a Swain,

On the Plain,

Wou'd be blest'd as I,

O cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me Smile:

But you appear

So severe,

That trembling with Fear,

My Heart goes pit a pat! pit a pat! all the while!

When I cry,

Must I die?

You make no Reply,

But look shy,

And with a scornful Eye,

Kill me with your Cruelty:

How can you be, can you be,

How can you be, so hard to me?

Ah! poor *Cimon*! Thou art ne'er the nearer!

Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs, can move her.

[Crying.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Ar. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to *Mopsus*.

Æg.

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd. 171

Æg. Come, *Mopsus*, now for thee, thy Heart seems
cheerful.

Mop. Ay! 'twas always so: I love to Laugh,
Let things go how they will; why let her Frown!
As long as *Cimon's* us'd as ill as I
It gives one's Mind a little Ease however!
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
'Twill but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R 5.

When *Phillida* milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream wou'd flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Bosom too so heav'd,
Half out, and Half in!
That of my Brea**st**h I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of Laughing!
I cou'd not hold from Lau**gh**ing!
Half out, and Half in!
Oh! to see them fall, and rise!
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and Half in!
And it was the prettiest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I cou'd ha' died with Laughing,
With Laugh---ing.

Æg. Well said, *Mopsus*, Thou sing'st it, from thy
Heart,

And 'tis a merry one——

Mop. Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely
Words,

To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Ar. An honest Principle. Now, my good Friend;
Let

12 *DAMON and PHILLIDA;*

Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:

For that must guide us——

Cor. Phillida, come near!

Ar. Well, my fair Maid! Is there within my Power,
Ought that may contribute to thy Happiness?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my
Lord,

I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well;
And I cou'd wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loath to lead a Savage Life:

And sure! these Lads were woeful Company.

Ci. O scornful Maid! My Heart will burst with
Grief! [Gries.

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon's* in a bitter taking!
[Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such Extreams of
Folly!

Damon, with all his Infidelities,
Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!
And I am more, than much afraid, I love him!
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand Times,
To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!
When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes!
Again submits, and is again forgiven!
Again I love, and am again forsaken!
Yet still he fools me on; and when he's absent,
With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

AIR 6.

What Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free;
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, still, he's the Man.

They

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd.

13

*They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear:
When Vows are so sweet, who the Falseness can fear?*

*So, when you have said all you can,
Still—still he's the Man.*

(2.)

*I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When I to him ran
He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid,
So civil a Man?*

*The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still—still he's the Man.*

(3.)

*All the World bids me beware of his Art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man!
So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
Who can do more than they can,
He—still is the Man.*

*Ar. Take comfort, Corrydon, all yet may mend:
Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
Perswades me of her guarded Innocence!
And though licentious Damon may deserve
Severe Reproof; yet for the Maiden's Sake
We will not harden him by Punishment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
Of this bad Matter make we then the best.
If therefore, Damon, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woo,
And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
My self will double on her Marriage Day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.
Cor. May all the Gods preserve the bounteous Areas;*

B

A

14 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

A double Portion! Now, my honest Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts!
Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow!
Now Sing, and Dance her down to your Desires!
Now *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love, and Honesty have gain'd, by Truth;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon*; now's our Time.

Ci. Ay, but I'm tender hearted; my poor Hopes
Will never Blossom, while she looks so Frosty.

Æg. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou seest he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Ci. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Æg. Well said, my Boy! Ah! this Joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin!
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

A I R 7.

*When I follow'd a Lass that was froward, and shy,
O! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply!
O! I took her so lovingly round the Waste,
And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast!
When hugg'd and hall'd,
She squeal'd and squall'd;
And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain!
Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again!
Yet I pleas'd, &c.*

Then hoity toity!

Whisking, frisking,

*Green was her Gown upon the Grass;
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!*

Ar. Well done, my merry Heart! Come *Corrydon*,
Now let us leave these Lovers free to Woo,
And he that first subduing and subdued,
Comes hand in hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r;

Or, *The Rover Reclaim'd.*

15

In farther Token of my Love, my self
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his Wearing.

Æg. Now for the Garland—

Mop. Live the noble *Arcas*.

[*Exit Arcas and Ægon severally.*]

Cor. Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave,

With Joy.— [Exit *Corrydon*.]

Da. So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!
This double Dow'r, no Doubt will turn her Brain,
And set the Wind-mill of her Sex a going. [*Aside.*]

Mop. Now! *Cimon*, now!

Ci. I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder—

Ci. But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still silent! no kind Offer yet from *Damon*?
Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart? [*Aside.*]

Ci. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone—

Mop. Well then, be sure you back me.

AIR 8.

Tell me, *Philly*, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?

Ci. Faith and Troth! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.

Mop. Of us Boys,

Ci. Take thy Choice:

Mop. Here's a Heart—

Ci. And here's a Hand too.

Mop. His or mine.

Ci. All is thine.

Both. Body and Goods, at thy Command too.

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd.

B 2

AIR

16 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

AIR Ditto.

While you both pretend a Passion,
 'Twou'd be cruel to chuse either;
 To preserve your Inclination,
 I must kindly fix on neither

To be just,

I now must,

Make yours, and yours be equal Cases:

Therefore pray,

From this Day,

I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent; if Damon is inclin'd
 To speak, his Turn is next; you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face
 May get as little Good from him, as ours
 From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you.
 Don't cry, Cimon; it only makes her prouder.

Ci. She has given me such a kick o'the Heart,
 I shall never recover it——

Phil. Hark thee Cimon!

I like thee better than thy Brother far.

Ci. O! the Gracious! Do you truly and truly?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant! take him hence,
 And keep him from my Sight, an Hour at least,
 And when thou seest me next, come thou without him.

Ci. Give me thy Hand on't——

Phil. Hush! Not now, they'll see us.

Away with him——

Ci. A Word's enough—I'll do't——

Come, Mopsus, come away—for I have a thing,
 And such a thing to tell thee Boy——

Mop. What ails

The fool! Thou'rt Mad!

Ci. Mad! Ay, and so wou'd you
 Be too, were my Case yours; but come away.

Mop. Nay not so fast, good Cimon——

Ci. Faster, Mopsus, faster. [Cimon hurries off Mopsus.

Da,

Or, *The Rover reclaim'd.* 17

Da. My charming Creature! this was kindly done!
Never was Favour to a Fool, so well
Dissembled!

Phil. Yes I have learnt, from you, Dissembling.
And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Da. Why so suspicious, *Phillida*? Don't I love thee?
Why all this Bustle, at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, *Damon*; Lips are but Liquorish Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R 9.

Da. Away with Suspicion,
That Bane to Desire;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies;
The Rules of Discretion
But stifles the Fire;
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,
Lest the Lover dissemble &

His Fire?

Turtles that woe,

Bill and Cooe:

While we enjoy

We must be true!

And to repeat it, is all,

All! we can desire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart!
Thou knowst I love, and therefore wou'dst undo me.

Da. I know thou lovest, and therefore wou'd secure
thee.

A I R 10.

Phil. While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say;
To bring your Toying,
Up to Enjoying,

B 3

Call

18 **DAMON and PHILLIDA;**

Call first the Priest, and name the Day;
Then, then name the Day.

*Lasses are Willing,
As Lads, for Billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest;
Let holy Father,
Tye us together,
Then Bill your fill, and Bill your best;
Then, then Bill your best.*

Da. What not a Hand, a Lip for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample, of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the Whole?

Phil. No, *Damon*; now 'tis Time to end our Fooling.
Consent to Wed me, or forbear to Love.

Da. What? dost think to starve me into Marriage?

Phil. I'll starve my self, but I'll avoid thy Falshood!
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Da. No—nor I won't be Pounded while-I can leap.
A Hedge; So keep your Grass for Calves to Graze on,
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame;
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thy self a Traytor!
Faithless, Inhumane *Damon*!—

Da. Mighty well!

This double Dow'r, I find; has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou wou'dst make me madder than thy self!
A Husband! Death! a Mill horse! What to grind,
And grind in one poor hopeless round of Life!
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path, trod the Day before!

O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate thee!

Da. I'm glad my Mistress, that you'll speak your Mind!
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches;
But since I know your Play, forsooth, hang lag,
Say h, and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd.

17

AIR II.

Da. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the Plains.*

Phil. *I'll starve my Love, and rather part,
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.*

Da. *The Frowns of this, I ne'er take ill,
Where one denies, there's two that will.*

Phil. *Since Maids by Kindness are undone,
Adieu Mankind; I'll sigh for none.*

Da. *No Frozen Laps shall hold me long.*

Phil. *No Swain, that's False, my Love shall wrong.*

Da. *Farewell, Farewell, 'tis time to part.*

Phil. *Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart.*

Both. *Farewell, Farewell, 'Tis time to part.*

[*Exeunt severally.*]



A C T II

Enter Damon Solus.

DAMON.

Cou'd I have ever thought to have seen this Day,
That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for One?
Nay One that in her Turn has sigh'd for me!
And only cou'd subdue me by her Parting!
How cou'd the Gypsy muster such a Spirit?
The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
That I shall never rest in my Bed, till she
Lies by me

AIR

20 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

AIR 1.

'Around the Plains my Heart has rov'd:
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd:
The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd.
The Coy resign'd her Charms.

But now alas! those Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd, by One,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.
O cou'd I, yet, her Heart recall,
Before her Feet my Pride wou'd fall,
And for her Sake, forsaking all,
Wou'd fix for ever there.

Here she comes, and with her—Ha—
Her Father!—Soft—I'm out of Favour there!
Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.

[Retires]

Enter Corrydon, with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him.——

Phil. That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not?

Cor. I say,

Avoid him as the wildest Beast of Prey!
He uses Girls like Carrion; Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked Rogue,
Amongst the Wenches Hearts.——

Da. That must be me!

[Behind]

But what says Phillida?

Phil. Suppose this true!

Yet cou'd he, still, be brought to marry me!

Cor

Or, *The Rover Reclaim'd.* 21

Cor. My Patience! Has he not refus'd to marry.

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love.

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart!
And till you drive him thence——

Phil. I strive to do it;

And if you knewst the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R 2.

*A thousand Ways to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet, can't remove him.
And tho' for Life, I've sworn to Part,
For Life, I find, I love him.
Still should the dear false Man return,
And wish new Vows pursue me,
His flattering Tongue wou'd kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.*

Cor. Consider *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly marry'd,
(And thou hast Choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*,)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, Father; so shou'd you!
As a low Fortune with the Man, I love,
Can't make me Rich; so Riches with the Man
I hate, can't make me Happy.——

Da. Gallant Girl.

[*Behind.*

O! I cou'd eat thy very Lips, that spoke it.

Cor. See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,
In time, to please thee.——

Phil. Well, since you desire it.

But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.

Send him to make his equal Claim,

And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gainst my Heart. I'll send
him. [Exit *Corrydon.*

Da. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my own.

Enter

22 *DAMON and PHILLIDA;*

Enter to her Cimon Singing.

AIR 3.

Ci. Behold and see thy wounded Lover,
 Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
 O let my Tears, at length, discover
 One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but Cimon,
 None of the Female Kind but I,
 With me shou'd end the Name of Woman,
 With thee the Race of Man shou'd die.

Ci. O cruel Sound! False-hearted Phillida!
 Did'st thou not say, thou lov'dst me better than
 My Brother Mopsus? —

Phil. Yes; but 'twas,
 As of two Evils, I wou'd chuse the least:
 Stay, till I am bound to chuse, and then Reproach me.
 Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
 Me sleep — There's all the hopeful Difference.

AIR 4.

Ci. O' what a Plague is Love!
 I cannot bear it:
 What Life so curs'd can prove,
 Or Pain come near it!
 When I wou'd tell my Mind,
 My Heart misdoubts me;
 Or when I speak, I find,
 With Scorn she routs me.
 In vain is all I say,
 Her Answer still is Nay:
 O dismal, doleful Day!
 Phillida flouts me!

Enter

Or, *The Rover Reclaim'd.*

23

Enter Mopsus Singing.

A I R 5.

Mop. *Ah! poor Cimon! Dnd a cry!
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!
To treat him so Scornfully,
Shamefully, Mournfully!
Phillida, fy!*

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!
Simpleton, Paperskull, I for ever shall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee Cause
With him to cry.*

Ci. *Toll, toll, toll! doll!—Now I pray,
Who has Cause most to cry, ah! well-a-day?*

Mop. *What care I! why let her Scoff,
I laugh: play her off, better than you.*

Ci. *Ah! poor Mopsus! thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I say, you're a greater Owl.*

Ci. *Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye!*

Mop. *What's a Lye? —*

Ci. *That's a Lye!*

Mop. *I say, 'tis true.*

A I R 6. (The Air changes.)

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies!
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too:
Did ever a Brace of such Boobies
The Last, that detests them, pursue!*

Mop. *How! —*

Phil. *Goe! —*

Ci. *Oh! I'm ready to Faint!
How art you!*

[To Mopsus.]

Mop. *Why truly, she treats us but, so, so.
For my part I think she's a Devil.
A Woman wou'd scorn for to do so.*

Ci. *O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

Phil,

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A Woman wou'd scorn for to do so.*

Ci. *O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

Phil,

24 **DAMON and PHILLIDA;**

Phil. *Prepare then to hear my last Sentence.
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And wait for my Banishing a Father.
Goe!*

Ci. *Oh! Woe! I'm ready to Faint.*

Mop. *And I too.*

*Was ever a Slut so inhumane!
Odszook! let us take down her Mettle!*

Ci. *I dare not. ———*

Mop. *Let me come! pshaw waw, Man.
She only has water'd a Nettle.*

*In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!
For one of us two you must now chuse.*

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;
And you — are the Fool I refuse.*

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Ci. *Wounds!*

Both. *Go! The Devil wou'd fly such a Spouse.*

[Exeunt Cimon and Mopsus.

Phil. *If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.*

Damon presents himself to Phillida, Singing.

A I R 7.

Da. *See! behold, and see!
With an Eye kind, and relenting,
Damon, now, repenting,
Only true to thee.
Content to Love, and Love for Life.*

Phil. *If you, now sincere,
With an honest Declaration,
Mean to prove your Passion,
To the Purpose swear,
And make, at once, a Maid a Wife.*

Da.

Or, *The Rover's Reclaim'd.*

25

Da. Thus, for Life, I take thee,
Never to forsake thee,
Soon, or late,
I find our Fate,
To Hearts astray,
Directs the Way,
And brings, to lasting Joys, the Rover home.

Phil. Ever kind, and tender,
Conquer'd, I surrender:
Prove but true,
As I, to you,
Each kindling Kiss,
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only, from the Constant Lip, can come.

A I R 8.

Da. To the Priest, away, to bind our Vows,
Wish our Hands, and Hearts united.

Phil. To reduce the Rover, to lawful Spouse;
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.

Da. If I never cou'd fix,
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
Who easily yielding, were easy, to cloy.

Both. } But in Love we still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In One, only One, is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

Enter Arcas and Ægon.

Ar. Yes, Ægon, I overheard it all, conceal'd
With'n a Bower, which scarce the Sun or Wind
Cou'd pierce, my Ears were Witness of his Love;
And when, to her Amazement, he discover'd
Her exalted Virtue had subdu'd him,
Her tender Transports even recall'd my Youth,
And gave my Eyes the Softness of a Lover!

C

Æg.

26 DAMON and PHILLIDA;

Eg. Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears in
Triumph,

Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Innocence.
Where shall we find in pompous Courts, or Cities,
Desires so cordial so refin'd by Virtue?

Ar. Wherever Pride, Deceit, or sordid Views,
Are banish'd *Egon*, we shall always find them.
Let us not think our selves then only blest'd,
Because the general World makes light of Virtue.
Cou'd Millions taste the same exalted Bliss,
It rather, then, might heighten our Contentments.

Eg. Why be it so, my Lord: But since Mankind
Shew, by their sensual Pleasures, their Mistake,
Let us not grieve because we can't Reform them.
Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave
Vain glorious Greatness to its gilded Wishes,
This Day at least, we'll dedicate to Mirth,
This most glorious Day that gave you Birth,
And give our Rural Swains a Jubilee.

Ar. Hast thou provided, *Egon*, for th'Occasion?

Eg. A Moment's Patience! Sir; You'll find I've not
Been idle. ———

Enter Corrydon, Damon and Phillida.

Cor. Long live the ever noble House of *Arca*!
May his high Race, from endless Heirs to Heirs,
Make many more such Holydays as this.

Ar. I thank thee *Corrydon*.

Cor. At last, my Lord, I've found a Cause for Comfort,
Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
My Lord, the Rover is at last Reclaim'd,
And *Damon* now is dub'd a downright Husband.

Ar. With Pleasure I confess I know it:
And *Phillida* his Bride ———

Cor. Even so, my Lord.
I saw the Priest this Moment joyn their Hands.

Ar. In Earnest of my Promise, *Damon*, wear
This Ring. All Happiness attend you.

Da.

Or, The Rover Reclaim'd. 27

Da. Health, and the Rays of many a smiling Morn;
Like this, prolong the Days of *Arcas*.

Enter Egon, Shepherd and Shepherdesses.

Eg. I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly Swains;
Who promise all their Skill to please. Let us
Sit down, and take well Meaning for their Merit.

Ar. Thanks to thy Love; thy gay chearful Temper,
Revives the Images of Pleasure past,
When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Eg. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord! You make me
smile:

Is there a stated Time, in this short Life,
That makes it Wisdom to be Sad,
Or Weakness to be Happy! No!
Shou'd we have Cause for Gladness, and not shew it?
Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth?
Are not you Lord of these *Arcadian* Plains?
Where, like the Substitute of Heavenly Power,
You dele the Blessings, you from them receive,
And make a People by your Bounty happy.
Yet not more blest by Bounty than Example.
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you reward.
And is not this a Cause for General Joy?

A I R 9.

Da. Ye Nymphs and Swains,
Wish Melody hail the Day;
Make Holyday round the Plains,
All Jollity Dance and Play.
This happy, Glorious Sun,
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And to your Folds the Guard;
Let the Man to all so Dear,
With Rural Pan be Sung:
To the next, and next good Year
May he live Blest and Long.

A DANCE.

Ar. O! *Ægon*! How shall I requite thy Love?
A Heart so finish'd in the Mould of Friendship,
Raises my Wonder high as my Content!
These, *Ægon*, these are Pleasures, from thy Care
Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Æg. Talk not of Obligations, Sir, unless
You wou'd inquire, what *Ægon* was to *Arcas*.

Ar. Let them be mutual then: What Virtue gives
Is always so: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
To give, or to receive, is equal Pleasure.

Da. And how shall we, my Lord!
Find Words to express our Thanks, or Praise?

Ar. Continue, by your Virtues, to deserve my Fa-
vour,

You give me, then, not only Praise, but Triumph.

Da. Now *Phillida*!

Let me confess, to find a Female Mind,
So justly Jealous of her Maiden Fame,
Gives me Wonder, great, as is my Joy.

*Learn hence, ye Nymphs, your Lovers to beware;
Let Virtue, not your Conquests, prove your Care.
The Vows your Charms inspire, with Charms will break,
And teach the sated Lover to forsake:
But when, with Virtue aided, you subdue,
Long will your Swains adore, and long be true.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

E N D



